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THE JOURNAL.

WM. E. McLEAN, EDITOR. TERRE-HAUTE: FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1852.

Revolution in South America.

In a recent letter from Passed Midshipman J. Young, to some of his friends in this place, bearing date of Jan. 8, 1852, he speaks of the late revolution in South America, between the Liberal and Aristocratic parties.

The Aristocratic party being in power ordered their arrest. They hearing of this, sought protection from the French frigate Penelope, one of the ladies having married a Frenchman.

The latest accounts from England represent that great apprehension is entertained that Louis Napoleon designs making an invasion upon that country; and that the government has consequently ordered twenty-five thousand troops into London.

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FEMALE GOLD DIGGERS.

The California gossip describes "two American ladies and a gentleman," as follows:— "While the gem picks and shovels, one of the ladies—whose costume is a silk dress covered with a man's coat, as near, we suppose as she can imitate the Bloomer in the mines—carries the dirt to the rocker, where the other lady sits working with all the assiduity of an old miner.

General Shields has delivered an eloquent and most judicious speech upon the resolution expressive of the earnest desire of our people, that Great Britain should extend her clemency to the Irish exiles, set them at liberty, and allow them to emigrate to this country.

Gov. Seward followed on the same side, in one of his very best speeches. It is a pity that a gentleman of so much ability, should have so little credit for sincerity. All his opinions are supposed to take their color from the prospects they seem to indicate of becoming popular; not that he really values the good opinion of the people, but because he can by no other means reach the goal to which his "high vaulting ambition" aspires.

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The joint resolution, re-affirming the policy of non-intervention, has been under consideration in the Senate, and given rise to a very interesting debate. Gov. Cass explained himself clearly and fully upon the subject, and his views can no longer be misapprehended or misrepresented.

Mr. Stanley and Mr. Giddings had rather a rough passage at arms, the other day, in the House. It was highly discreditable to that body and ought to have been checked in the outset.

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CATCHING A TARTAR.

BY A LAWYER.

A worse set than a half dozen young disciples of Coke and Blackstone, for a victim to fall into, cannot be found in the sublunary sphere; and I defy any one to deny this statement, and produce evidence to the contrary.

One bitter cold night, some half dozen of them having obtained full and complete possession of the bar-room of the village tavern, determined on having a time as is a time. Gin slings, hot sodas, etc., were in abundance, and right merrily those worthless did partake.

The night was going on apace, and still with all their cheerfulness, there seemed to be a certain something wanting. Cards were voted bores, and dice and checkers were voted in the same category.

"Oh, that we had some mercy," exclaimed Clark, as he threw a pack of cards into the fire, and stretching his legs, giving, as he did so, a prolongation to the word!

"Just the thing I was looking for. We'll have rare sport now, or I'll never make another plea." "A regular green one he looks like, don't he, Brown?" exclaimed Smith; and Jones, Colt and White declared themselves ready for the sport.

"But how shall we work him?" asked Clark. "Leave that (hic) to me," Smith replied. "I'll drink him drunk (hic) I'm the most sober of any one in the room; and then we'll fix him, and leave him to gather (hic) his scattered senses."

"Just as much obliged to you as though I took it," said the Yankee. "But you see just afore I left him, Parson Smith got me to put my name to a piece of paper saying, 'I abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and wine and cider,' and besides, I never drink anything often."

"So much the better, all whispered, we can get him drunk the easier. It required not a great deal of persuasion to get one glass into the Yankee; for Smith assured him that he was a namesake of the Parson's and the pledge only meant for him while at home.

One glass went and another followed, the lawyers partaking the while. The first glass made the Yankee chatty, the next two foolish, and the next two did the business, and declared him as drunk as a fool. By dint of hard labor, with the assistance of the hostler, they managed to get him up stairs and into bed. His clothes were taken off and placed so as to be easily accessible to, and then the lawyers extinguished the light and retired.

All this time the Yankee had been laying with his eyes half open, watching the maneuvers of the card. He had, of course, feigned the drunkenness, for he was one of those who did love a glass occasionally, and his equal at drinking was not to be found every day.

As the lawyers retired, he leaped from the bed, and amid their moanings and hiccups, which prevented the possibility of their hearing the least noise, he secured his own clothing, even down to boots, and selecting a single article from the clothes of each of the rest, distributed them around where his own had been. This done, he retired, and by snoring, soon satisfied the lawyers that he was fast in the arms of the sleepy god, Morpheus.

A short time elapsed, and the sprigs of the law called the name of the Yankee. He answered not; and they felt assured he was too drunk and sleepy to know anything, and then their work commenced. Brown slipped from the bed. Gropping around, he found where the Yankee's boots had stood, and taking the lamp, poured its contents, a good pint of the best winter strained in them. Then he returned to his bed.

A moment after, and Smith came forth. He would not be so hard on the Yankee, so he only severed one leg from his pants, and opening the window, threw it out. Next in rotation, from another bed, came Clark, and then followed Jones, White and Colt, each performing his part, and then returning to their respective beds.

The sun had been up several hours—we don't dispute about the number, reader—when our worthies opened their eyes. They looked about a moment, and recollecting that court opened at ten, they made preparations for partaking of breakfast. Springing from their beds, each seized his clothing and commenced getting into it.

arms were gone! and he looked as he stood with arms protruding out from the edge of the coat, more like a fool than anything else. "What shall I do!" he exclaimed "this is too bad. I'm to defend an infringement case to-day, and a coat with no sleeves to fit! Blast the Yankee."

"Brown and Clark stood convulsed with laughter, gazing on the sorry spectacle presented to their view. They gave what encouragement they could to their fellow sprigs. At that moment the court house bell and the village clocks pronounced the hour of ten.

"Brown made all haste to pull on his boots; one on, and the other mostly so, when a strange sound was heard and the oil came spiring up about his legs. This was followed by a shout of laughter from the rest. Before, he laughed; now he took his turn to be laughed at.

"Alas! for my client. I wish that Yankee had been in—before he entered this house." "Gentlemen," said Smith, "it's my humble opinion that that confounded Yankee wasn't any more drunk last night than we were. It was all a sham on his part, and he has taken us in well. He's gone now; and now that I think of it, I heard him get up last night after we had retired in, and my opinion is he made a change, took his own clothes and placed ours in their stead."

"This appeared plausible enough, all concurred in it. The ceasing of the ringing of the court house bell announced to Clark that it was time for him to be moving, while the rest stood heaping imprecations on the head of Yankee.

"My dear Friends:—When you attempt to make a victim of a pedlar, obtain one not so bright as yourselves." They attempted joking no more during the session of the court, and when the story leaked out, as of course it did, it was rather expensive by the way of treats for all hands.

The Yankee Knacks.

"We have seen enough of life in the 'rural districts' to believe the following story possible. If our readers can not share in our credulity, they may give the credit of its invention to the Boston Post:—

"A few evenings since, the passenger train on the railroad arrived at a small village, and, stopping at the depot, a loving couple got out and inquired the 'way to the minister's.' On reaching the house John made known his errand, which was no other than to have the holy rite of wedlock performed. The reverend gentleman was just leaving to perform a service of another kind, and suggested that the parties should await his return. But John was in a hurry, and the minister, thinking he could make a short case of it, consented to marry; but the bridegroom was not quite ready. His trunk was out on the platform, and said he, addressing the minister—

"Spouse you just help me in with it." "On getting it into the house, he added: 'Just help me up stairs with it; Elizabeth wants to dress.'"

"This was also done. 'And now,' said he to the young lady present as he descended, 'spouse you just go up stairs and help Elizabeth dress.' Surely such a request could not be denied. The lady was dressed and her toilet duly made; as she was about to descend, she bethought herself that John's wedding 'ring' was in her trunk, and she would thank the young lady if she would take it into John's room, and call him to get ready."

"The ring was accordingly taken into an adjoining chamber, and the bridegroom showed 'where he might get ready.' This occupied time. But at length the parties descended, and taking their stations, the service was about to commence. At this instant John fled to a distant part of the room, where the young lady was sitting, and said to her: 'Come, now, spouse you just go and stand up side of Elizabeth; it will make her feel better.'"

"The lady acceded. The two were soon made 'one flesh,' and the clergyman left. It was expected, of course, that the happy couple would take the latter train and proceed on their way that night. But all the hurry was now over. The parties seated themselves, and seemed at home. At length John sprang a piano, said to the young lady still in the room—

"Come now, spouse you give us a tune on that thing there." The lady complied. It was a sentimental song, and the bridegroom was in raptures. "Never heard such a downright good thing in all my life; and now spouse you go through it again." It was repeated; about this time the car whistle announced the approach of the train. They were informed; but John said he 'had no thought of going from such a good place that night.' They stayed; in the morning they took the early train, and just as they were leaving, the generous and grateful bridegroom slipped a silver dollar into the hand of the clergyman, his eyes, opening and glistening like the rising sun.

"There, said he, take that, I'm going to— I've another there; he's going to be married; I'll send him right down here, for you do the thing so handsome." "A WARM COMPLIMENT TO OUR COUNTRYMEN.—Lady Emeline Wortley, towards the close of her journey, after seeing the American in every position, from Boston to Panama, says with a general enthusiasm:—

"But such is the American, while he will confront with the utmost carelessness, all kinds of hardships, dangers and privations, and display under the most appalling circumstances the firmest presence of mind—as if like Nelson in his boyhood, 'he had never seen fear,' and could not understand what it meant—his noble feeling will thrill at a tale of the sorrows of others, and his heroism fails him when some affecting incident appeals to his unselfish and generous sympathies. If the true hero nature lives any where; it is in the American; if the age of chivalry is not past—though Burke declared it was in the Old World of Europe—if, in short, chivalry still exists on earth, it is in the great and mighty West."

AN ANGRY BRIDEGROOM.

The following, which we find in one of our exchanges, is good enough for the Bunkum Flagstaff. Some individual, once an editor, who, in writing his recollections of the Crabtown Clarion, recounts the following incident, which had its origin in the employment of a drunken compositor, one day while he, (the editor), was on a spree.

"The reader may suppose the door of the editor's sanctum flung violently open, and a stranger rushing in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Crabtown Clarion, and in the other a large umbrella, a la bar-toring tam. Stranger, (ferociously)—'You're the editor, are you not?' Editor, (blandly)—'Sometimes, sir; take a seat.'"

"Stranger—'Confound your overtures, sir. I'm from Goshen—a respectable attorney, sir. Don't stir, (shaking the umbrella menacingly) you shall hear me through, sir, (and then drawing himself out an extra inch) depend confidently on an extra flogging. I am just married, sir, not a fortnight since; and on the happy day, (here the umbrella quivered sympathetically.) I forwarded you a notice of the same. Though I have hitherto been above poetry thank Heaven, I added in a moment of weakness, a humble verse of my own composition, fitting, I thought to the occasion. (Here's the correct version, sir. (Repeats from memory.)

"Married—In Goshen, February 28th, A. Conkey Esq. to Miss Euphemia Wiggins. 'Love is the union of two fond hearts, That beats in softest melody, Time with its ravages imparts, No bitter tinge to its ecstasy.'"

"Not much poetry, still rhyme. Next week I got your paper, and carried it to my Euphemia; we opened it, and turned our eyes together to the marriage list. Blood and thunder! what do we see! An abusive atrocious—but no sir—I am cool, (umbrella giving the lie in every rib.) Here's your infernal sheet; hear what it says, sir; I am cool, sir, and tremble." Opens the paper and reads: Married—At Goshen, February 28th, A. Donkey to Euphemia Piggins.

"Love is an onion of two heads, That beats its soft and mellow, Time with its cabbages in carts, No better fed to an extra day."

"What do you think of that, sir! (umbrella raised.) 'Donkey, eh! Piggins, is it? My poetry, eh! It has unnerved me—driven me mad. I can't take a walk but that the small boys, mere infants ring the hideous chorus in my ears. Some scoundrel has altered this name on my sign to suite your infernal orthography. Don't apologise—I won't listen to anything; my house, just painted, is scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems; and all owing to your accursed work.'"

"Your concerned, sir; don't move on your life. You're the destroyer of my happiness, my life and my Euphemia." With the fond name, the lasting string of moderation snapped. He advanced a step, struck an attitude, and then the editor, we had almost said—but no; just as the family umbrella was midway in the blow, the door opened and some visitor entered. The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses. Visions of an act of assault and battery, with big damages and cost, rose in his mind, and the umbrella dropped harmless to the floor. The lawyer triumphed over the man. He turned on his heels, and strode out of the room, muttering as he went: 'Failed this time—one thing left—libel suit—catch.'"

Borrowed Lines.

That was rather a singular 'fix' that a young gentleman got himself into at a certain small town in the west, 'once upon a time. He happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S— one autumnal evening and put up at its only inn; and as he entered he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord who was an acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above and he asked him to go up with him, to be introduced to, join the revellers. This he declined on the ground that he was not properly dressed for such an occasion, and especially, that his linen was too much soiled.

"Never mind that," said the big burly landlord, "I can give you a shirt; and he stepped into the next room and brought forth a garment which would have been a large pattern for Daniel Lambert, and holding it up said: 'There, now, is a comfortable roomy shirt for you.'"

"Oh, that would never do," said the guest; 'I should lose myself in it utterly!'" On second thoughts the landlord could 'do better' for him. One of the girls was ironing some shirts in the kitchen for one of the boarders, and he would get one that would fit, any how. "So he disappeared, and presently came in with a nice clean 'sack,' into which the guest soon thrust himself, and having made a hasty toilet, ascended to the ball-room. Being a young man from a much larger place and rather good looking too, withal, he found no difficulty in obtaining partners, and these happened to be a judicious selection from the most beautiful girls in the room. The other beaux began at length to regard him with no little jealousy, and one of them went so far as to say he'd cut the comb of the coquetted cock if he didn't mind his eye! And all this while the subject of the belated remark was regarding himself with the utmost complacency, being the 'observed of all observers.'"

Meanwhile there was the 'toot! toot! toot!' of a stage-horn sounding in the distance; presently the coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail, and the lines to an attendant ostler, and hastened into the bar-room, having no further care nor labor on his hands until the next day. He was also invited by the landlord to go up stairs and join the dancers, a proposition which he at once he accepted. Those were days when a stage-driver was one of the most 'popular' men in every little community; for he had travelled, and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes; and nothing further was heard of him until he entered the bar-room, his face flushed, his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode to the middle of the hall. The music stopped and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the question—

"Is Mr. Samuel Jenkins of S— here?" "I am Mr. Samuel Jenkins, said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attention was to be bestowed upon him. "Oh, you're Mr. Jenkins be you?" "Yes, and what may your business be with me?" "Nothing, only when you are through with that shirt of mine that you've got on your back, and are strutting in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the door."

"Did you ever know such a rheumatism, my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a shift out of his own head, and he had wood enough for another."

Punch thinks "universal suffering and vote by ballot," to be the "epitome of French liberty."—The worst conundrum conceivable, he supposes to be the following:—Why are persons born deaf the most virtuous of beings? Because they have never erred! Scarcely less atrocious he deems this:—If Louis Napoleon takes liberty from the press, what will be the result? Dead letters.—There is 'one entitled' a 'Con for Christmas,' to which he allows at least the humble merit of 'industry.'—'Why is a young lady who walks under the mistletoe like an old lady standing on the edge of the pavement at Charing Cross with three parcels, a basket and an umbrella? Because she is looking out for a bus.' Punch admits that, even in the dullest of his correspondence there is a kind of value; for, as he sells his waste paper by weight, the heaviness of the jokes tells upon his exchequer. He consoles the inebriate banished by Louis Napoleon by assuring them that it is better to be sent to Cayenne than to be peppered in the Boulevard. The extraordinary popularity of Louis Napoleon at Halle, he justly attributes to a 'Halle-Louis-citation.' 'Vive-la-Signe,' he proposes as a motto for the submarine Telegraph. He suggests to the Zoological Society, that the pain experienced by the boa constrictor in consequence of swallowing the blanket, may be relieved by a counter-pane.

THE ENGLISH IN AUSTRIA.—The Austrian government has broken up the missions established by the English Bible Society at Pesth and Lemberg, in Hungary, for the circulation of the Scriptures among the Jews, and ordered the missionaries out of the country. The Pesth mission had existed for ten years. Lord Westmoreland, the English Minister, was applied to, that the mode of banishment might be rendered less severe to the missionaries, but he would not even receive the applicant. It is said that his berth is a pleasant one, and he does not wish to do anything to render it less so.

A young shopman in Austria has been sentenced to twenty blows with a stick, heavy irons for a week and enrollment in a punishment company to work in a fortress, for not taking off his hat in the street as the Emperor passed by. The young man pleaded in extenuation forgetfulness, and said no disrespect was intended, but in vain. The sentence was enforced for example.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Love—Kossuth, in addressing the ladies of Pittsburgh, said: "Love is the element of the heart—Love is never tired of showing tender care for the cause of freedom on earth. One smile from your sparkling eyes can do more wonders than all I could say in a year. I have tried to impart conviction on the minds of men. But conviction is nothing without the inspiration of the heart. The hearts of men are in your realm.—You can play upon these cords which break within the brazen hands of men."

"Do dogs reason?" is the title of an amusing paragraph in a New Hampshire paper. A dog, it appears, which was confined in a yard where stood a barrel of cider, "deliberately drew the tap," and in spite of the efforts of her mistress to the contrary, refused to give it up, until the contents of the aforesaid cask were curtailed, and the cider very much in the condition of 'water spilt upon the ground,' which cannot be gathered up. That pup deserves a medal for his consideration. Were men to take the tap in their mouths, instead of the cider, they would then be as wise as the pup, and much more harmless, happy and reasonable than they now are.

THE WHEEL BARROW EMIGRANT RETURNED.—Many of our readers will remember the account published in all the newspapers, nearly two years ago, of a California emigrant, who crossed the plains on foot and alone, with a wheel barrow conveying all his earthly goods, that is, his provisions, clothes, tools, &c., in that humble vehicle, and outstripping in his march, numbers who started for the land of gold with more showy and expensive appointments. His name was Brookmire, and he is an Irishman by birth. His residence is at Warren, in Pennsylvania, where he left a wife and family of children in very indigent circumstances when he went over the Rocky Mountains to try his fortune. Brookmire has lately returned from California, with about \$15,000 of 'dust,' all of which he dug and washed out with his own hands. And as it is very apt to pour when it rains his wife received legacies during his absence to the amount of \$10,000, falling to her upon the death of relations in Scotland.—Syracuse Journal.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN COURT.—A civil suit involving the amount of \$147 has been on trial several days before the New York Common Pleas. As witness by the name of James Cormick had been examined, and his testimony on certain important points was direct and positive. On the 21st inst. Mr. Cormick came into court and stated that he had committed willful perjury and asked the forgiveness of God, the court and the jury. He said that since giving the testimony, he became troubled in conscience and could obtain no peace mind until he had set the matter right.

THE GAINES CASE.—The Washington Correspondent of the New York Times says: I am sorry to say that Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is now laboring under a deep depression of spirits; and almost for the first time in her life seems to lose confidence in her star. In prosperity this distinguished lady has been always cheerful, affable and benevolent, and with herself content. She has born flattery as well as most persons. She has no doubts, philosophy enough to bear up under adversity. But I learn, that since her counsel yesterday informed her that she has nothing to hope for, and must prepare for the worst, she has been overwhelmed with distress.

Every one who approached her, has conspired to help her with false hopes. Even Katerday Johnson, at first, and for a few days after the argument, gave her hopes, but that was from his own enthusiasm in her cause. When the New York Herald absurdly announced that the decision of the Court was in her favor, they say, that she greedily caught at it, as true.

Well, the Court has decided adverse to her; and claim, and Justice Catron, always thought to be her friend, is writing out the opinion of the Court. So, it appears that Mrs. Gaines has spent two fortunes and nineteen years of her life for the purpose of establishing what—her illegitimacy.

A Pennsylvania has invented a collar for horses which is made of India rubber. It is said to be a great improvement, or comfortable substitute.

A member of the lazy society, feeling a fly light on his jolly red nose, instead of brushing it off, petitioned to Congress to have the insect removed.

A western editor, who is an old bachelor, says: "We never heard a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our latter end may not be like his."